I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling pirates that fall out,
I shaking out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you tremble not that looke on me?
If not, that I being *Queene*, you bow like subiects.
Yet that by you dispos'd, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine, doe not turne away.
Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?
Qu. Mar. But repiticion of what thou hast mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe:
A husband and a sonne thou owest vnto me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you alleagence:
The sorrow that I haue by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you vsurpe, is mine.
Glo. The curse my noble father layd one thee,
When thou didst Crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drew riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'st the Duke a clout
Steept in the blood of pritty *Rutland*:
His curses then from biternesse of soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.
Qu. So iust is God to rite the innocent.
Hast. O twas the foulest deed to slay that Babe,
And the most mercilesse that euer was heard of.
Ri. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported,
Dors. No man but prophesied reuenge for it.
Buc. Northumberland then present, wept to see it.
Q. Mar. What? were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred now on me?
Did *Yorkes* dread curse preuaile so much with heauen,
That *Henries* death my louely *Edwards* death,
Their Kingdomes lost my woefull banishment,
Could all but answere for that peeuish brat?
Can curses pearce the Clouds, and enter heauen;
Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quicke curses:
If not by warre, by surfet die your King.
As ours by murder to make him a King.

Edward

Edward my sonne, which now
For *Edward* my sonne, which
Died in his youth by like untim
Thy selfe a Queene, for me th
Out-liue thy glory, like my w
Long mayst thou liue to waile
And see another, as I see thee
Deckt in thy glory, as thou ar
Long dye thy happy dayes b
And after many lengthned hou
Dye neyther mother, wife, nor
Riuers and *Dorset*, you were st
And so wast thou Lord *Hastin*
Was stabd with bloody dagge
That none of you, may liue y
But by some vnlookt accident
Glo. Haue done thy charme
Q. Mar. And leaue out thee?
If heauen haue any grieuous
Exceeding those that I can wi
O let them keepe it till thy si
And then hurle downe their i
On thee the troubler of the po
The worme of conscience still
Thy friends suspect for traytor
And take deepe traytors for th
No sleepe close vp the deadly
Vnlesse it be whilst some torm
Affrights thee with a hell of v
Thou eluish markt, abortiue
Thou that wast seald in thy n
The slaue of nature, and the s
Thou slander of thy mothers
Thou loathed issue of thy fath
Thou rag of honour, thou det
Glo. Margret.
Q. Mar. Richard.
Q. Mar. I call thee not.
Glo. Then cry thee mercy:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37